

A PAGE OF FUN AND FROLIC IN PICTURES AND PARAGRAPHS

Just Folks

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CONSOLATION

"It is all for the best," so they said
As I stood by my dead.
But I doubted the word
That so often I heard:
I could catch but the moan
Of the mother, alone,
And feel but the blow
Which had stricken us so.

"Why," I cried, "should it be
God must so punish me?
Why should my baby die,
When are hundreds near by,
Old and feeble of breath,
Waiting only for death?"
And they answered me low:
"God has ordered it so."

But today through the years
That have ended our tears,
We have memories rare
That no others may share;
We can look back and see
Why the blow had to be—
By that mound and its sod,
We are closer to God.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

Copyright, 1922, by Star Company.
By K. C. B.

Dear K. C. B.—I read your letters every night and I wish to ask you a question. I am going to Oregon. I am going to live in a cottage, and am going to have some pets. I want a pony, a dog, a cat and a bird. Can you think of anything else?

MILDRED MCLEAVE.
855 Calvert St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR Mildred.

IT SEEMS to me.

IF I suggest.

YOU ADD anything.

TO THE LIST you have.

THAT MAYBE your mother.

OR PERHAPS your daddy.

WILL STOP the paper.

THAT I write for.

AND ANYWAY.

I FEEL quite sure.

YOU'LL BE very busy.

WITH THE choice you've made.

FOR DOGS chase cats.

AND CATS kill birds.

AND YOU'LL have to begin.

BY LETTING them know.

YOU LOVE them all.

AND THEY'VE much more sense.

THAN HUMAN things.

FOR IT won't be long.

AND THEY will learn.

IF THEY would live.

IN HAPPINESS.

THEY MUST love each other.

AND SO they will.

AND AFTER a while.

WHEN YOU grow up.

YOU WILL have learned.

WHAT THEY have learned.

BUT WHAT the world.

HAS YET to learn.

THAT THERE can't be joy.

AND HAPPINESS.

WHERE THERE is hate.

AND THERE can't be peace.

UNTIL WE all.

SHALL TAKE for guide.

THE MAN who said.

THAT WE should love.

OUR NEIGHBOR.

AS WE love ourselves.

AND YOU may learn.

THE TRUTH of this.

IN YOUR cottage.

OUT IN Oregon.



I THANK you.

Little Benny's Note Book

By Lee Pope

Us fellows was standing around the lam post talking and arguing and all of a sudden I saw something shining in the street like a diamond, and I quick made a grab for it and felt a real wack on my head, being Pude Simkins had nocking against mine on account of him grabbing for it at the same time, saying, 'Wah, who you nocking, wah you hurry?'

I found a diamond, I sed. And I held it up and it looked grate as if it just dropped out of somebody's diamond ring without knowing it, the fellows saying, 'Holey smoke! some people are born lucky, good nite look how big it is, O boy, it waz, jimmiey crickles, gooh, good nite.'

Meaning they wished they was me, and Pude Simkins sed, 'Id of had it if your old hadent of bin in the way, its half mine by rites, Ill give you a cent for it.'

A cent for a diamond, like fun, waz you think, good nite, nothing doing, I sed.

Ill give you 2 cents for it, sed Sid Hunt.

Ill give you 3, sed Sam Cross, and Leroy Shooster sed, Ill give you a nickel cash on delivery, take it or leave it, waz you say?

Which jest then I had a deer, saying, 'Wate a minit, Ill be rite back. And I ran up to Klumby Avenue fas as lightning and dan into the joonly store and the joonly man was taking a watch all apart and looking at the peeces, saying, 'Well son wats the rush, wats on your mind? Is this diamond real? I sed, showing it to him and he looked at it saying, 'Not so you could notice it.

Meaning it wazent, and I sed, 'Well aint it any good? and he sed, 'Sure jest like it you'd have a good load of glass.'

And I went back to the fellows, saying to Leroy Shooster, 'All rite, wazent the nickel?'

Like fun, waz you bin? sed Leroy Shooster, and I sed, 'Wats that got to do with it? And I asked Sam Cross if he still wanted it for 3 cents, which he didnt, and neither did Sid Hunt for 2 and neither did Pude Simkins for one.'

Proving sometimes if you cant make up your mind quick theres no use making it up at all.

Abe Martin



'Bout th' only thing a wife leaves around th' house where we kin find it is a bill. We doubt if ther'll be enough mosquitos to take care o' th' business this summer.

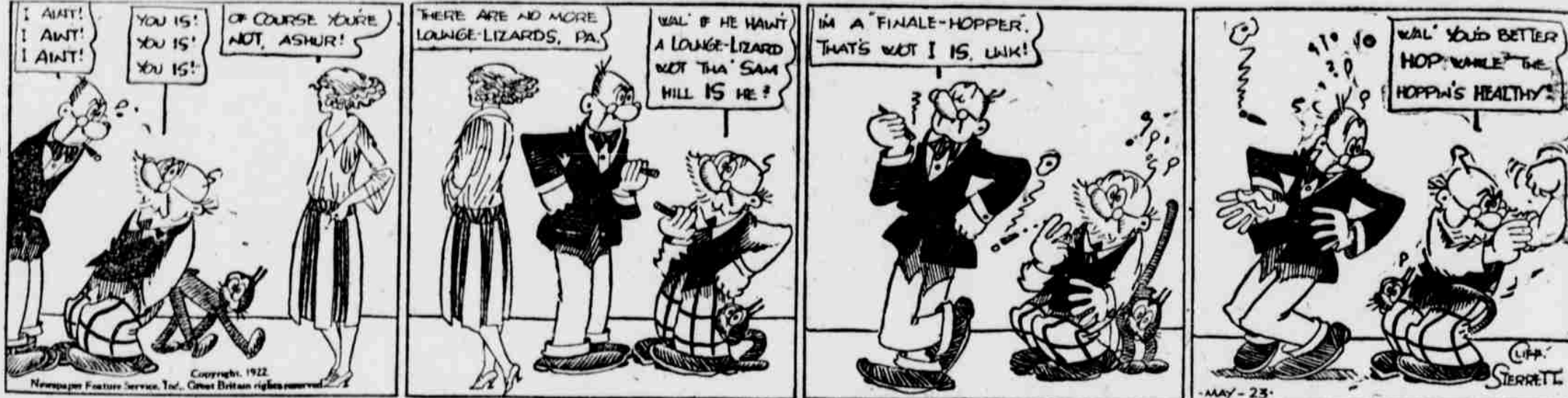
MUTT AND JEFF—Jeff Uncorks a Hot Shot

By Bud Fisher



POLLY AND HER PALS—Here's Hoping Ashur's a Good Hopper

By Cliff Sterrett



BARNEY GOOGLE—And Just Then Barney Changed His Mind

By Billy De Bee



Breakfast Table Wit

Two mountaineers had long enjoyed a blood feud with each other, but at last neighbors, desiring peace, managed to bring them together. For several minutes after the meeting not a word was said. Finally one, scratching his thumb-nail reflectively on the butt of his gun, remarked:

"Well, pardner, I'm not going to be with ye much longer."

The second was relieved but strove to conceal his feelings. "Don't talk thata way, Seth," he remonstrated. "We been enemies

for 20 year, but of course I'll miss ye. Ye aint goin' to shoot yerself, are ye?"

"No," drawled the first. "I certainly aint goin' to shoot myself, and I aint goin' away, neither, but seein' as how ye aint ever goin' ter see me again, I figgered ye mought have somethin' ye wanted ter say first."

Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, stepped into a haberdasher's shop the other morning, made a purchase and gave his name and address.

The clerk asked if it were possible that he was the explorer. He replied that he was. "I've been reading about your trip to the Arctic," said the clerk. "I certainly don't envy your life—away from everything for four months."

"Where have you been all this time?" inquired the explorer. "Oh, right here," was the reply.

On the occasion of her hundredth birthday the village centenarian received a visit from the vicar. Being anxious to hear from her own lips what she considered had been the source of her strength and endurance, he said: "My dear Mrs. Adams, pray tell me, in order that

I may tell to others, what has been the secret of your longevity?" The vicar waited with unusual eagerness for the old lady's reply, but he was hardly prepared for it when it came.

"Victuals!" she answered.

Letting Him In. "Well, well, young gentleman!" exclaimed the affable old person.

"I'd give a great deal to be able to join in your sport."

"Stick around, grandpop," said one sturdy youngster. "If we knock this ball through somebody's window we'll let you go for it."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

It was after taps but a certain private had taken a chance and was caught walking down the village street with his latest affinity by a sergeant in his own outfit.

"My sister, sergeant," began the terrified youth as a matter of introduction. "You see, she—"

"That's all right, my boy," interrupted the sergeant genially. "She used to be my sister when I was your age. 'Lo, Maggie."

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CASEY THE COP—He'll Have to Put a Muffler on It

By H. M. Talburt

